

A BUTTERFLY FLIES IN SPRING

by Andrew “Change” Huang

in warm, supple spring—
a darling butterfly flies
adrift through the field.

keenly through the field
to find asters budding spring,
the butterfly flies.

oh where can it land?
the butterfly, past barren,
sees a hushed winter.

the specks of blue in winter—
the butterfly slows to land
in sweet asters—are barren.